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KE 5053

Woman: The Mysterious

Nina Isabel Jennings

Woman: The Mysterious

COMPANION TO MAN: THE WONDERFUL.

Rina Isabel Jennings

THE LONE STAR PUBLISHERS
PARIS, TEXAS

KE 5053

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Heart Series

Man And His Mate

A LITTLE BOOK FOR
HIS HEART AND HERS

The Latch-String To Happiness

A LITTLE BOOK FOR YOUR HEART
WHEN IT'S HEAVY

When We're In Love

A LITTLE BOOK FOR YOUR HEART
WHEN IT'S FULL

Acquaintanceship Series

Man: The Wonderful

Woman: The Mysterious

BY

Nina Isabel Jennings

NOV 19 1936

To Woman: The Mysterious

It is part of your God-given charm that you have been and ever will be mysterious to Man, but to Woman, whose every heart throb is your own, you are more than wonderful. In your heart there is but one dream, and it is a dream of God;

but one picture, and it
is a picture of home;
but one hope, and it is
a hope of God's fulfillment.
Here of these, O my
sweet sister, woman,
you are as a lone tree
planted in desert sands;
a solitary ship sailing
a shoreless sea.

Nina Isabel Jennings

If there were dreams to sell
What would you buy?

Beddoes.

Congratulations

I congratulate you both, author and publisher, for your interpretation and presentation of WOMAN: GOD'S GREAT SECOND THOUGHT.

The Compiler.

Her Need Supreme

What do I want most of all, most of all,
O, man of my heart, with the world within call?
You are generous, quite, with your gems and your gold,
You keep me from starving and keep me from cold,
But a woman's a rose on its bush by the wall,
And--I want you to want me, dear—that most of all!

Richard Wightman.

And after death, through the long To Be,
(Which, I think, must surely keep Love's law)
I, should you chance to have need of me,
Am ever and always, only yours.

Laurence Hope.

Woman: The Mysterious

My hero must be strong—for I am weak. And he must have a big, noble ideal of life; for mine is very small—just a little home nest, and a baby, and the love of one man.

Thomas Dixon.

To Him

You, whom mine eyes have never seen, are where?
  You are my own in God's most sacred sight.
  Your voice cries out to me across the night.
I feel your heart-throbs beating on the air.

The little white guest-chamber of my heart
  Is spread for you; you only have the key.
  It holdeth that which no man else can see—
A shrine to you, where pray I, far apart.

Life has not come to me in gracious guise,
  Nor fingered over oft the joyous chord
  Upon my soul strings, that for you, my lord,
Will sound to greet the laughter in your eyes.

It was to make me wise for loving you,
  And strong to struggle through your hours of woe;
  It was to make me wise to say, "I know,
I understand, for I have suffered too!"

Somewhere a pillow dimples to your cheek,
  To-night, somewhere, your breath falls on the air;
  Still must I wait till God reveals me where,
Still must my heart be silent till you speak.

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!
  The horror of your coming overlate
  Is strong within me—lest you find the gate
Spring shut, and, loitering, have lost the key;

Or should some careless morning on you shine,
  When life has donned a wanton gypsy guise,
  And love looks out from some fair woman's eyes
And wrests that from you that is mine, is mine!

I doubt you not, my lord, save as I doubt
  The manhood of the world; impatiently
  You men look out from eager eyes to see
The hour-glass sands dry slowly, slowly out.

And sometimes, maddened by the day's dull tale,
  You shed your destinies ere scarce the woof
  Is on the loom, and then, with loud reproof,
You blame your God who let your weaving fail.

But I can teach you patience; I must ask
  So many paths your hand to guide me through.
  Bnt in the waiting times to sit with you
And guard you from yourself—this is my task.

And if you should not find me—not to know
  Your foot upon the stair, while I shall live,
  Not to bestow the gift I have to give—
I wonder if my heart could bear it so!

. . . . . .

Oh, hasten, hasten! find the path to me!
  I am a woman, I can only wait.
  Somewhere in God's great world you are my mate,
My lord, my king; you only have the key!

Ethel M. Kelley.

Somewhere In A Dream

Sometimes when I meet you somewhere in a dream,
I feel the breath of your love warm lips,
They whisper "Come let us drift away
With the sunset sailing ships.

Far off where the twilight is sifted with gold
You and I in the dusk—alone.
Let us find the moon-white desert sands
Of a land we have never known."

Then you fold me close and we are lost
In the night's mysterious gleam.
You are mine! you have come to me at last—
Somewhere in a dream.

Kathleen L. Worrell.

The Dream Of A Woman Who Waited

To be with him in great wanderings of gentle purport; to meet the suns and storms with calmness and cheer; constantly to toil together, helping, meditating, always together on the world's highways, always looking towards God's Good Hope, with thoughts in the stars, but not so lost in the stars that they missed the sorrowing by the roadside—wandering grateful for life together, having a tear for the helpless, a smile for the beautiful, and a love for each other so vast and pure that it must needs love the world and reflect the love of God.

Will Levington Comfort.

Fruition

'Tis Heaven to rest within your arms like this;
To feel at last my soul has found its own;
To drink deep draughts of love's unending bliss;
To know you, as my dream has ever known.

I knew you'd come, dear One, tho' long the day
Of waiting for this empty heart to fill.
I heard your footsteps hast'ning all the way,
And scarce contained my own expectant thrill.

And when you came, your eyes of wondrous blue,
With all their melting softness, seemed to me
Like woodland blue-bells, dipped in sunlit due—
Or summer skies asleep on summer seas.

Ah, then I knew my soul would find its rest
Beside the soul your eyes held mirrored clear—
Peace and love's infinitude lay expressed
And all my restless quest has ceased, my dear.

Since now I hold you close, my own, at last,
Since first you pressed your loyal lips to mine,
Like fleeting spectres fades the dreary past—
For all my soul's aswoon with love divine.

Mary F. Canfield.

Everlasting Love

Sometimes, into two hearts great enough to hold it, and into two souls where it may abide forever, there comes the Everlasting Love. It is elemental, like fire and the sea, with the depth and splendour of the surge and the glory of the flame. It makes the world a vast cathedral, in which they two worship, and where, even in the darkness, there is the peace which passeth all understanding, because it is of God.

Myrtle Reed

Woman

Creative mystery: Man's ecstasy;
  Highest and lowliest, handmaiden and Queen;
Saviour and sinner; life's epitome;
  Wildest of wild things, calmest of serene.
Primitive Man two tasks hath first essayed:—
  To bend both fire and woman to his will.
Greater and greater progress Man hath made,
  Yet Fire and Woman both defy him still.
The glow o' the hearth means home and home joys;
  The burning house fills stricken hearts with terror;
The forest fire first kisses, then destroys;
  The beacon saves the wanderer from his error.

O Man! When wilt thou learn to understand
That Fire and Woman still out-match thy hand?

William Platt.

The magic Garden of Delight
  Is ours: I hold the key.
Take up Love's sceptre, yours by right
And learn his mystery and might.

Laurence Hope.

Womanliness is the supreme attraction, in however fair or however frail a personality it is embodied. And the sacred function of all womanhood is to kindle in man the divine spark by means of the mystic flame that burns ever in the vestal breast.

Arnold Haltain.

What A Woman Most Needs

A woman needs something that only a man can give, and it is this: She has a native store of desire, which is the impelling force of life, but needs a man to tell her how to work out and accomplish what she desires. She feels intuitively that life is good, and that good is coming up through all things, but she needs to have the mechanism of existence explained to her. She is a force that needs direction. Love is her essential nature and requires an object which can command her admiration. She needs, above all, an opportunity to see good in something and encourage it to grow.

Waldo Pendray Warren.

Love Eternal

Love, if I love thee, 'tis because I need
Not eyes to gaze into; not lips to kiss;
Not a soft breast for solace; not the bliss
Of being loved while loving; this indeed,
I thank thee that thou giv'st; but I should bleed
Down in my heart for loving so amiss
If I had only loved thee, Love, for this—
No, if I love thee, Love, it is because
Beauty that is eternal I adore,
And must pursue it, whereso'er it draws;
And lo! I travel on; I may not pause;
With thee I travel on for evermore.

H. S. Sutton.

Demands

I want the primitive love of a good man's heart,
Spontaneous, without stint or compromise, that which offers all, expects all, and brooks no resistance;
And I need no sting of jealousy to spur me, or to stimulate my fervor—
And I need no accessories or inducements, other than the strong word spoken in sweet, compelling accents;
And for this, I would forget the past, and upon this I would stake every hope for the future,
For this, I would renounce fame and riches, or any form of distinction or endowment,
And I would forego Art, if need be, consigning every work from my hand to the annihilating ember;
For, to her who rejoices in God's handiwork and in the dower of her womanhood—there is but one thing of worth upon this earth—
And it is this, to receive the homage that is born out of mutual need and fulfillment.

Charlotte Eaton.

A Prayer

Holy Genku, high above,
  Teach me all there is in Love,
All of wisdom, all success,
  All the world can give to bless.

Knowledge of all human hearts,
  Sympathy of all the arts,
How to die and how to live,
  Love alone to me can give.

Offered by Japanese Women.

And downright love atones for everything.

Robert Browning.

Mysterious Woman

Yet she is but a woman still,
  Who weeps as only women weep,
Who loves as only women will,
  And reaps her joys as women reap;

Whose mystery, in its sacred stir,
  Is the inviolate part of her;
Whose charm is not of man, but blown
  Like the wild roses, all her own.

G. E. Montgomery.

How should she be ardent and fond if she were not sensual? How should she be kind if she were not a little weak? How should she be trustful if she were not often too credulous? How should she be beautiful if she knew not mirrors and did not seek to please? How should she preserve her feminine grace if she had no innocent vanities? How should she be generous if she were not a little provident? How should she be just if she were unable to be hard? How brave if she were not rash? How should she be devoted and capable of sacrifice if she never escaped from the control of icy reason?

Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Wine Of Love

Here's to life, and to love, and the blush of the vine:—
And a sweet woman's life is the wine we approve;
For we live in our love with our lips to the wine:—
'Tis the wine in the lips of the woman we love.

Fred Emerson Brooks.

The Confessional

A maiden fair, of nymph-like grace,
Knelt in penitence at an altar place
To seek atonement for thoughtless sin
From the pious old priest who knelt therein—
The Confessional.

Her pure, sweet heart could only tell
Of one lone sin that had befell,
As the oak shades the lily's bell.
"I've kissed a lover to seal love's vow;
I meekly pray, Oh! pardon now,
At thy Confessional."

With a pious look from the priestly eyes
He softly bade the maid arise,
And whispered low, "Depart, sweet maid;
For love is holy, its kiss Divine,
For such, indeed, no sin I'll find
At my Confessional."

T. H. S.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If there is any exception to this Divine maxim it is the kiss of Love. She who puts up her lips to be kissed would give. She who puts them down would receive.

Richard Garnett.

Girl, when he gives you kisses twain,
Use one, and let the other stay;
And hoard it, moons die, red fades,
And you may need a kiss—someday.

Ridgely Torrence.

We Two Have Loved

Your soul has answered to my soul,
Your kiss my lips has thrilled;
Together we have drained the cup
Of heart's desire fulfilled;
And mind has clung to mind till speech
Revealed the thought of each;
We two were one.

The best of you was shown to me,
The best of me to you;
If it is love when soul and heart
Merge in the other's counterpart,
When each one shares the fate of years,
And both have seen the other's tears,
Then we have loved.

Ethel De Foublanque.

Proof that a woman loves a man, that she shares his laughter; proof that a man loves a woman, that he shares her tears.

I. S. Wisdom.

In a love affair the great thought in a man's mind is always:
"I wonder if I am the first."
In a woman's:
"I wonder if I'll be the last!"

Helen Rowland.

The human heart is made for love, Truth is more often found out in hours of happiness, in full human joy, than in hours of solitary pain.

W. Ward.

False Peace

A log won't burn alone!
  The flame grows less, the hearth is dark,
Low sings the sap in crooning tone;
  The room grows chill, and cold, and stark,
  One's heart holds back, as if to hark
For ghostly sobs and eerie moan—
A log can't burn alone!

A life can't grow alone!
  The smile seems sad, the senses start.
The will lies useless, limp and prone;
  Unchallenged and uncheered the heart;
  And one by one the stars depart
From all one's sky, to darkness grown—
A life is death, alone!

Rose H. Lathrop.

Nothing is happy alone. Nothing is—men and women—children—animals. Everything wants a companion.

Robert Hichens.

When honeysuckles close their petals to hummingbirds, Venus will shut the door on Adonis.

Charles F. Goss.

How beautiful is love!
The heart that beats in sympathy with thine,
The smile that lights the earth with rays Divine,
The song that soothes the soul in pain and woe,
The hands that clasp thine owe when hot tears flow,
The tender tone, like music from above—
  How beautiful is love!

Julia Noyes Stickney.

Love

The planets that never rebel,
  The seasons that, laughing, join hands;
The showers that the breezes compel,
  All listen to love's own commands.

When bird crosses bird in the air,
  When rose leans to rose in the vale,
When lad nods to lass on the stair,
  They are writing but love's magic tale.

When the universe first had its birth,
  Unto love as a pledge it was given.
There's nothing more lovely on earth—
  There's nothing more holy in heaven.

For love has held beautiful sway
  Since the sun dropped his first golden bars,
And love is as fresh as the day
  Because it is old as the stars.

Charles Henry Crandall.

Women have various charms and an assortment of accomplishments. They have but one duty. It is to love and to be loved. That is their mission. They may fancy that there are other things to do and to be done, and so there are, but by comparison they are nothing at all.

Edgar Saltus.

If a woman truly loves a man, she will cook his dinner with devotion and preserve his home with her life.

S. Ella Wood Dean.

The Love Of Woman

The love of Woman blends within its spell
  The noon-day glory and the gloom of night,
The smiles of angels, frowns of demons fell,
  The summer splendor and the autumn blight.

Her love is like a richly jeweled mine
  With starry gems in burnished skies of gold,
Or devious cavern, where no sun may shine,
  Whose strange, sad secrets tongue hath never told.

It sways the heart-strings like a seraph's hymn
  Resounding softly through the vesper sky;
Or like a witch's song in forest dim,
  Which lures the traveler to her feet to die.

It thrills man's bosom like a nectar rare,
  Till, like a god, he soars on wings of flame,
Or like a poisoned wine, with baleful snare,
  Which hurls him reeling in the mire of shame.

Her love is like a sacred asphodel
  Which blossoms in the realms of deathless day,
Or lotus, numbing heroes by its spell,
  Till honor, fame and courage pass away.

Her love hath lifted man to godlike joy,
  As Cynthia led Endymion to the skies,
Or like false Helen, firing towers of Troy,
  Hath smote him with the splendor of her eyes.

She binds him with a subtle, witching wile
  To give his life to anguish or to bliss,
To win his soul's salvation with a smile,
  Or slay his hopes of heaven with a kiss.

Walter Malone.

Love's Delight Or Love's Despair

O Voice, O Hands, O Eyes, O Lips, O Hair,
Of your strange beauty God Himself hath care,
So deep the riddle He hath wrought therein—
Whether for love's delight, or love's despair.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but one woman can make a home. I not only admire woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I reverence her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the sanctuary of all the virtues, the pledge of all perfect qualities of heart and head. It is not just nor right to lay the sins of men at the feet of women. It is because women are so much better than men that their faults are considered greater. A man's desire is the foundation of his love, but a woman's desire is born of her love. The one thing in this world that is constant, the one peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness cannot quench, is woman's love. It rises to the greatest heights, and sinks to the lowest depths. It forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life and grows in every climate. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty, can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that subdues the earth; the love that has wrought all miracles of art; that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand closing symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death.

Robert Ingersoll.

The Little Guest-Room In My Heart

The little guest-room in my heart
  I fitted for thy tenancy,
And though thy presence stays apart
  It is not wholly bare of thee:

For all the dreams there take thy shape,
  And from each humble thing it holds
Some fragrant thoughts of thee escape,
  Like lavender from linen-folds.

No picture hangs upon the walls
  That any other could trace,
But every where the sunlight falls
  I see the glory of thy face.

No other tenant may it take—
  Nay, rather loneliness for choice!
I would not have another wake
  The echo's dreaming of thy voice.

Margaret Root Garvin.

Woman—for whom love is a life-and-death matter in a much deeper sense than for man—experiences on the approach of love those tremblings that follow a sunrise for which one has lain awake and waited.

Ellen Key.

Man knoweth naught but she might teach,
She is God's breath upon the sense.

Stark Young.

The Woman Heart

She never said "I love you not" but when
  She was all fearful that she loved too much;
She never took her hand from yours—but then
  When most she craved its touch.

She never laughed at you but when she fain
  Would be too tender. Never turned away
Save when each impulse urged her once again
  To listen and to stay.

A woman's heart is like a witch's prayer—
  To be read backward and its craft defied,
Ah, judge us not by those poor lies we dare,
  But by the truths we hide.

Theodosia Garrison.

Woman's Worth

Those who toil in the marts of men,
  Those who follow the sea in ships,
Those who live by the sword or pen,
  Find their reward in a woman's lips.
Colin, the shepherd, and Rex, the king,
  As to cot or castle their ways they wend,
Feel quite the same glad hungering
  For a pair of soft arms at the journey's end.

R. F. Greene.

Where Love Is

Narrow is the street, Dear, and dingy are the walls
Wherein I wait you coming as the twilight falls.
All day with dreams I gild the grime till at your step I start—
Ah Love, my country in your arms—my home upon your heart!

Amelia Josephine Burr.

Ah, make us happy and you make us good.

Browning.

August Night

Beneath the moon the whole world seems to blend,
Content sighs in the trees of rustling corn,
And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near
All fullness! God, the night will never end,
And I, alone, discordant and forlorn,
Unmated, on this love night of the year!
The hunger of my weeping heart still cries:
Must I alone live forever without love?

Hester Bancroft.

Somewhere

Somewhere out in the world you are,
  And whenever the time seems long
God sends me a voice—it must be yours—
  In the notes of a clear bird-song.

Somewhere out in the world you are,
  Learning to suffer—learning to live;
I am waiting alone, alone,
  Learning to love, learning to give.

Somewhere out in the world you are,
  How do I know it? Need you ask?
When you are the meaning of all that is—
  The secret of Life without his mask.

Somewhere out in the world you are,
  And the day is coming when, straight and true,
From the world of men you'll come to me,
  Master and Mate—and I'll know it's you.

R. E. Ball.

The Little Road

Dear, my love, here is the little road
The silent road that leads into my heart
Ah, be not late.
I wait
Here at the bolted gate.

Lilies are tall beside the little road—
The untrod road—where are your lagging feet?
Ah, be not late.
I wait
Here at the bolted gate.

Annie Pike.

Women do woo men, and win them; but theirs is passive wooing. They woo by beauty and virtue and sympathy. The glance of an eye, the careful toilet, the pleasure postponed for his coming, the seat of honor at table, the choice of a dancing-card—could speech be more eloquent? Yet modesty must be a part of this silent wooing, else its power is weakened; and patience must be its watchword. Impatience gains us nothing—often it loses a cause, half won—but patience has always its sure reward. Woman is a creature of whims; and man is a creature of habits. Whims may be conquered by mastery and will; but habits yield only to patient endeavor—which reminds us that there are few ways not to win a man.

Lavinia Hart.

"A woman who keeps her own counsel and does not burden a man with her worries, nor evince too great a curiosity about his affairs, can so ingratiate herself into his affection that he would fool around and miss his train for Paradise in order to serve her."

My Sweetheart

"The misty tenderness of Spring,
A young dove with its lifted wing,
A lily ere its dew is shed,
Snowdrops with roses overhead,
Clear coral blooming in a purple sea,
Pure pearls and soft carved ivory,
A gliding brook in jasmine shade,
An airy cloudlet's fleecy trees
Tinged with the new moon's chaste caress,
Faint odors of pale mignonette,
With twilight's languid kisses wet,
The dawns first blushes and the look
That gleams within a mountain brook,
All hint of her but none express
Her nature's perfect loveliness."

I like her in the mood which seems
To wrap her in the misty dreams
Of Lotus-eaters—they who live
For what the world may have to give
Of freedom from the cares which let
None out of Lotusland forget—
The mood of dreamfulness; the eyes
That look far off into the skies;
The lips that linger in a touch
Which never can be over-much;
The cheeks which redden at the thought
Of what the god of love has wrought;
The throbbing of the soft, white breast
On which the lotus blossoms rest
And never fade—the mood whose spell
Charms as the song of Israfel,
Whose music, like a sweet caress,
Brings quiet and forgetfulness.

William J. Lampton.

His Answer

Why do I love you, you ask? Why dear!
To tell half the reasons would take me a year!
For your head's proud poise, and your graceful walk,
For the way that you smile and dimple and talk;
For a certain inborn daintiness
Which shows itself in your mind and dress;—
For your ready wit with no cynic turn,
For the charity which I fain would learn;
For your woman's heart, where all sweetness lies,
For the fearless truth of your loving eyes;
For the soul that is pure as the angels above you—
But chiefly—I love you, because—I love you!

B. Hanscom.

Men rarely are drawn to women who are obviously their intellectual superiors; yet a woman must be at least a man's intellectual equal to win him wholly and permanently.

Lavinia Hart.

The quality in woman which first attracts a man's more serious attention is the quality of responsiveness. The kindly eye, the flushing face, the quick glance of comprehension, the eager clasping of hands—this is enough. A man is always at his best with such a woman, for she inspires him and stimulates him to the full extent of all his powers.

Raford Pyke.

Leave a little unsaid if you would be counted interesting.

Minna A. Thomas.

She

A sunny sparkle in a pool,
    A flash and a surprise,
A mist that's drawn across the stars,
    Her eyes.
A touch of vapor and of fire,
    A humming bird that sips
The torrid tear drops from the rose,
    Her lips.
A garden filled with fadeless flowers,
    Where lilies bloom apart—
The wonder is that garden's mine—
    Her heart.

J. C. Gerndt.

Woman more than man craves the impossible, cries for the moon and idealizes the unattainable. She likes to be adored, but she is not really moved by any adoration as to which she has an instinctive feeling that it might just as well be given to any other woman in her place. She wants to feel that she herself has compelled it, that no one else could have won it, that it is supremely and absolutely and inevitably hers alone. This is not alone the joy of conquest but it is the joy of exclusive possession, and that is very close to the innermost heart of womankind.

Lynden Orr.

Concerning a man, the only question a woman asks, is not, Is he right or wrong? but, Is he mine or another's?

Arnold Haltain.

The immaculate man never appealed, because he was immaculate, to a woman yet; she prefers the whitening process to begin after she has gathered him to herself.

Kate Jordon.

Woman

She said "What is there that I would not be
  For your dear sake? What change of mind or heart
  Would I not make in any, every part
If Love but say 'This he desires of thee?'
E'en as the white moon rules the restless sea
  And draws its tides to answer her sweet will,
  So does your slightest wish arouse and thrill,
And make obedience an ecstasy."

Oh, foolish heart of woman! Even so
  They make of man a master, not a mate,
  And lessen love by loving—soon or late
A monarch wearies of his worship. Lo,
  This only is great love, when two can be
  Both proud and humble in equality.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

I love mutual independence combined with perfect sympathy.

Robert Hichens.

When love lasts the credit of the survival is due far more often to the woman than to the man. The woman must husband herself, dole herself out, economize herself so that she might be splendidly wasteful when the demand comes. The woman must plan, scheme, devise, invent, reconnoitre, take precaution, and do all this sincerely and lovingly in the name and honor of love.

Arnold Bennett.

East Detroit, Monday, July 31st, 1871.

My Dear Frank:—While I am very uncertain that my letter will ever reach you, as you give me no address, still, I am impelled by a power stronger than my will, to write you. My spirit calls out for you; calls through these long Summer days, and out alone under the calm solemn moon, "Frank! Frank!" earnestly, urgently, entreatingly calls, "Where are you, and why do you not speak to me; will you never come?" I am weary and lonely and sit here and ponder and dream what your coming will be, God knows. I dread it, I shrink from it, I long for it, crave it, die waiting for it.

Since your letters came, (which I answered, addressing as I must this) I have dragged out the days. Always much alone, and accustomed to people my little world with creatures of fancy, I have called around me phantoms of such brightness, such solace, such rest, that when the dream shall wholly dissolve—as alas! in all probability it will do—I shall look henceforth upon a waste so barren and bleak, that death, so horrible and unwelcome now, will be greeted and embraced with fervor.

This afternoon is one of Summer heat, and breeze and shimmer. I have lain here all day with these priceless letters—23—which from time to time you have blessed me with, strong, true, manly letters breathing of yourself, your clear individuality, your implacable will, your divine tenderness. They are my most priceless inheritance. My life, cheated of much, has also been royally and signally dowered. I am drawn irresistibly and entirely to you today. It must be that your thoughts are here; that your soul meets my demanding soul, somewhere, with joy. If, when the reality comes, I am not what years and distance and hope pictures—then—then—well. I will wait. In Isaiah occurs this

verse—"Their strength is to sit still." May mine be to sit still. Indeed, I think it now is. Sometimes, I observe myself with awe, I can be so still, when surges roll over me, and winds buffet, and lightnings rear. Until you come, this unrest cannot be soothed. After—but God will take care of that.

Frank, I fear I am wrong to write you thus—but I must. Let Fate do her worst, I have this haven now of trust, and while I hold it I will exult in it, though an hour may see it vanish on the wings of the wind. Write me again, wherever you are, whatever your plans, do, I beg, write me. You have been considerate always; be so still. I am tortured and blessed all at once, by every thought of you. The long silence of months tired me sorely. How did I know that you lived? And yet, if you had died, I believe I should have known it. Is this a reckless letter, and am I a desperate woman to write you thus? Forgive me, if it seem so. Be gentle to me. I have had too much of rudeness and shocks, I need kindness. You have given me largess and I hold out still beseeching and imploring hands. When I think of the approaching day when your presence will be revealed to me, " 'Tis air I tread and at each step feel my advanced head knock out a star in Heaven."

Dear Frank, all I say is expressed in the word, COME. Perhaps your anticipations are pale and cold—perhaps, even the warmth of mine may not kindle them. Perhaps, when I am glad, you will feel a calm wonder at my joy. Ah! God! rather stay away from me—but no—COME.

As before, now and eternally,

Yours,

Helen.

(To Frank Reid at some place in New Mexico)

This letter was sent to the Dead Letter Office and there discovered by a friend of Charles Dudley Warner, who showed it to him, and Mr. Warner was so impressed by it that he made efforts to find "Helen" and "Frank."

The Little White Bride

"The little white bride is left alone
With him, her lord; the guests have gone;
  The festal hall is dim.
No jesting now, nor answering mirth.
The hush of sleep falls on the earth
  And leaves her here with him.

Why should there be, O little white bride,
When the world has left you by his side,
  A tear to brim your eyes?
Some old love-face that comes again,
Some old love-moment sweet with pain
  Of passionate memories?

Does your heart yearn back with last regret
For the maiden meads of mignonette
  And the fairy-haunted wood,
That you had not withheld from love,
A little while, the freedom of
  Your happy maidenhood?

Or is but a nameless fear,
A wordless joy, that calls the tear
  In dumb appeal to rise,
When, looking on him where he stands,
You yield up all into his hands,
  Pleading into his eyes?

For days that laugh or nights that weep
You two strike oars across the deep
  With life's tide at the brim:
And all time's beauty, all love's grace
Beams, little bride, upon your face
  Here, looking up at him."

Dream Of Home

There is nothing in all life so beautiful as that first dream of home; a place where there is balm for the tortured soul, new courage for the wavering soul, rest for the tired soul, and stronger trust for the soul caught in the snares of doubt and disbelief—a place where one may be wholly and joyfully one's self, where one's mistakes are never faults, where pardon ever anticipates the asking, where love follows swiftly upon understanding and understanding upon love.

Myrtle Reed.

And do not all things know where lie their rest?
Flower and bird have instinct, and to me
Love linked with wisdom came, and as the earth
Turns sunward, so my heart turneth to thee.

So did I know, my Love, what place God made
To be my home, the haven of my heart.
Too soon made glad? Nay, we shall rather say,
Too long thy heart and mine have been apart.

Catharine V. Matthews.

The Gift

Your love is such a wondrous gift to me,
My heart grows hushed and awed to think thereof,
And ponders, thanking God, this mystery
Your love.

My nest is built within your heart; I flee
For shelter there, when winds are wild and rough,
And fold my wings. My haven is verily
Your love.

Lisa Wilson.

My Little Wife

I love her for her wilful ways,
Bright tears, impetuous words of praise;
For flashing anger's lightning fleet,
For questioning looks, for kisses sweet;
I love her when she laughs, and when
She frowns—oh, how I love her then!

She is not prudent, meek, or wise;
Not such a jewel as they prize
Who seek perfection in the form
Of lovely woman. Sun and storm
And fire and frost in her combine;
But, oh, I'm very glad she's mine!

Her changing moods are hard to guage—
Now wildly gay, now mildly sage,
Now brisk and busy all about,
Now fast asleep, now going out,
Now wiping tears away, perplext,
Now making tea, and singing next.

But she is at her loveliest, best
When day is done and time for rest
Draws near, and sleep hangs in her eyes
Like waiting snow in wintry skies;
And when she kneels to say her prayer
My worldly heart kneels with her there.

M. S. Bridges.

The ideal wife is not made by trivialities. She is the woman who studies her husband with love for a text-book.

Lavinia Hart.

Ten Commandments For The Wife

1. Be healthy.

2. Be joyful.

3. Be beautiful.

4. Be frank and keen.

5. Be yielding, without weakness.

6. Always have time for your husband, but never too much.

7. Do not try to educate your husband—take him as he is.

8. Do not forget that a man hopes for understanding and appreciation as well as a woman—and give him these things in small, rare, dainty doses.

9. If you wish to please your husband, you must be able to please other men also.

10. Do not forget—only she is worthy of being loved who is strong enough to be happy without love.

H. W. T.

Motherhood

When Eve was first brought unto Adam, he was filled with the Holy Spirit, and gave her the most sanctified, the most glorious of appellations. He called her Eva, that is to say, Mother of All. He did not style her wife, but simply mother,—mother of all living creatures. In this consists the glory and the most precious ornament of woman.

Martin Luther.

A Woman

"I Love," she said, with her faint, white smile,
"But I shall not narrow this life of mine;
Or bid my spirit its thirst beguile
With the joys that women still count divine.
Why, I am a soul! I am part of God!
I doubt, and question,—have wings to mount;
Do you think I shall only moil and plod,
And fill my cup at the common fount?"

That was only a year and a day—
Last night her fingers were softly pressed
On the downy head of a babe that lay
With warm, wet mouth at her gracious breast.
"Do you think," she said, "there is rarer bliss
Where the long, bright cycles of heaven unroll?
Or any wonder more deep than this,
To share with God in a human soul?"

Emily Huntington Miller.

I believe mothering is the loveliest of the arts; that great mothers are hand-maidens of the Spirit, to whom are intrusted God's avatars, that no prophet is greater than his mother.

Will Levington Comfort.

What Does The Great World Ask Of Me?

What does the Great World ask of me?
  I have not sought to right its wrong—
I only brew my cup of tea
  And, pouring, sing a little song.

What does the Great World ask of me?
  I have not, on it, frowned nor smiled.
I only sing my songs for three,
  Myself, my Husband and our Child.

What does the Great World ask of me?
  I only send my songs to roam;
That others, whosoe'r they be,
  May learn the joys of Love and Home.

Cora A. Matson Dodson.

The American Queen

The queenliest woman, bravest, best,
Of all sweet things beneath the sun,
I say the queenliest is that one—
Seek north or south or east or west—
Who loves to fold the little flock
And hear the cradle rock and rock.

I say the purest woman, best
Beneath our forty stars, is she
Who loves her spouse most ardently
And rocks the cradle oftenest—
Who rocks and sings and rocks, and then
When birds are nesting rocks again.

Joaquin Miller.

He maketh the woman to keep house, and to be a joyful mother of children.

The Bible.

The Sorrowing Mother

Last night I dreamed he came to me;
  I held him close and wept and said,
"My little child, where have you been?
  I was afraid that you were dead."
Then I awoke; it almost seemed
  As though my arms could feel him yet.
I had been sobbing in my sleep;
  My tears had made the pillow wet.

Sometimes I wake at night to find
  That I am out of bed,
As though I'd heard him calling me;
Then with a pang comes memory;
  How can we reach the dead?

I cannot think of him at all
  As the bright angel he must be,
But only as my little child
  Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise,
  Angels—ye who know;
I am dull and slow to learn,
  Toiling here below.
Do not fill his heart too full
  With your heavenly joy,
Lest the mother's place be lost
  With her little boy.

One night when I was half awake
  I thought he called me, clear and sweet,
And then I heard across the floor
  The patter of his little feet.

Last night the air was mild;
  The moon rose clear, though late,
And somehow then it did not seem
  So very hard to wait.
There seemed so much to learn,
  So much for me to do,
Before my lessons here were done
  And I was ready too.

One night when I had wept till I could weep
No more, I dreamed he came to me in sleep.
He was not sick nor sad as he had seemed
On almost every night when I had dreamed.

Katharine Pyle.

The Lonely Child

Here in the lovely house of Paradise
  With its golden roof and its rafter,
I am warmed with the million lights of God,
  And share celestial mirth and laughter.
But oft I grieve apart in lonely pain—
Mother, I want my little room again!

With shining cherub and with angel bright,
  I play around God's throne of glory.
But mother mine I want to sit with you,
  And hear you tell a fairy story.
And oh, I want to hear you laugh and sing—
Mother, I want my toys and everything!

I fear the awful burning of God's stars;
  I fear the great winds and the spaces;
But when the angel Spring comes back to earth,
  I too shall come in violet faces—
Mother, come out to the grass and the dew,
And I'll smile from my little grave at you!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

A Parable

There was once a woman who had a great many thoughts, and she planted them in a small plot of ground, and they grew up into flowers, and covered it. And sometimes those who were passing by stopped to pluck a bit of sweet verbena, or a branch of crimson phlox (around which the bees were humming), or a spray of yellow honeysuckle.

And those who plucked them said:

"These dear, common flowers smell so sweet! How glad you must be to have so many of them just by your doorstep!"

And the woman looked up wistfully, and turned away that none might see her tears falling; for she knew—though none eles did—that the flowers grew above a grave.

Mary Stewart Cutting.

Life's Answer

"O Life, give me your richest gift!" she cried;
Then grew afraid, for Love stood by her side,
But hand-in-hand with Sorrow. Yet no word
Had she of plaint;—she knew her prayer was heard.

Mary E. Stickney.

As Women Know

Love may be joy unspeakable, and love
May be a woe too deep for moans and tears;
Love may be chrism of blessing poured above
The quiet days of uneventful years,
And love may sometimes be just patience, spent
In trying to find and keep content.

Margaret Sangster.

Lost Love

"My heart! my pulse! my flame!
  O the gloom, O the pain!
He has no wish to save me
  Who will not come again.

Love! Love! Love!
  The fair cheek, the dark hair,
The promise forgotten;
  'Twill go with me there.

O, the dark blue eye—
  A flower wet with dew;
O, the fair false face—
  Too sweet to view!

Love! Love! Love!
  The fair cheek, the dark hair!
For him I'd scale the walls of hell
  Gin he were there!"

The Fortunate One

"Beside her ashen hearth she sat her down,
  Whence he she loved had fled;
His children plucking at her somber gown,
  And calling for the dead.

One came to her clad in the robes of May,
  And said sweet words of cheer,
Bidding her bear her burden in God's way,
  And feel her loved one near.

And she who spake thus would have given,
  thrice blest,
  Long lives of happy years
To clasp his children to a mother's breast,
  And weep his widow's tears."

Deserted

Youth could not hold me back. All wisdom died.
  My heart's love budded in the bleakest air;
And frozen with the coldness of his smile,
  He turned away and let it perish there,
Who had no love to give.

Does the heart's core send forth such blossoms twice?
  The gods are not so cruel, life so hard—
Ah, no, for such love has no second fruits:
  Lives do not bloom again so deeply scarred
    I have no love to give.

Ethel De Foublangue.

When first I loved, I gave my very sou
  Utterly unreserved to Love's control,
But Love deceived me, wrenched my youth away
  And made the gold forever grey.

Long I lived lonely, yet I tried in vain
  With any other joy to stifle pain;
There *is* no other joy, I learned to know,
  And so returned to Love, as long ago.

Yet I, this while I go hence,
Love very lightly now, in self defense.

Laurence Hope.

When we cease to play to an audience of one, we either begin playing to the gallery as a whole, which is cheap; or we leave off playing altogether, which is old age and the end of all things.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Types

The two types of women of whom men disapprove are the woman who will allow many men to make love to her, and the woman who will allow none this privilege.

D. Knowey.

Men forgive women anything save the wit to outwit them.

Minna A. Thomas.

Men seldom name, even to themselves, the weapons by which they are conquered.

Robert Hichens.

Woman's Greatest Luxury

Perhaps the greatest luxury that life affords to the true woman is to find a confidant with whom she can really be herself. To throw away for a time all artifice, to say the very thing she feels and in the first words that occur to her, to think aloud and yet feel absolutely safe,—the relief of this, the joy of this to many women is greater than the joy of love itself. And it is only to some man that she can be so frank and yet remain safe. Whatever women say of men and however much they mock at masculine obtuseness, they none the less perceive and secretly admire in men that sense of honor which they themselves do not possess.

Hence it is always to a man that woman takes her greatest cares, her blackest trials, her most daring hopes, and her most intimate meditations. Her sense of her loyalty will reassure her. To lean upon his strength gives her a restfulness that she finds nowhere else. His large tolerance and generous appreciation of her moods bring infinite comfort. And so it is, after all, only a man who ever knows a woman as she really is just as it is only to a woman that the hidden thoughts of a man's inner nature are ever fully shown.

Rafford Ryke

The Strangest Thing

I loved a man.—Of ivory
And graven gold and fair quaint stones
My woman's soul set up for me
A god; and woman's heart was priest.
Upon His altar, sin by sin,
I died.

With a lost soul's calm eyes—
Deep lidless eyes of death—I saw,
And rent through love's divine disguise.
My god was but a rusted nail
The Cardinal Spider, woman's heart,
Had hung with tissues of spun gold:
And lo, His gems, gray ghost-pearls,
Were but the tears in mine own eyes!

Not loving is the most strange thing,
Nor being loved, but only Love—
The multiplex, cruel and sweet,
The wide and high and deep and old,
White fire from heaven, Rose of Hell
That drips with blood—most wonderful!

Jean Ross Irvine

Wronged as a woman has been, and as she often still is, her patience never fails. Deceived, she "mends her broken shell with pearl" and still trusts on.

Marie Corelli.

A woman can starve and freeze for lack of love as much spiritually, as she can for lack of food and clothes, physically.

Dorothy Dix.

When Love Is Dead

There was a time, long, long ago,
When love made life one glad sweet song;
When roses bloomed, and wild birds sang,
And I found Heaven here below.

All Heaven for me lay in his smile,
His kiss, the clasp of his hand;
Together, we the world forgot,
Time and eternity the while.

And then love changed, a gray mist crept
Across my sky of happiness;
The roses drooped, the birds were hushed,
As o'er my life the chills winds swept.

The song upon my lips grew still,
As years that I must live alone,
Spread out before me desolate,
Bare and desolate, and chill.

I'd give the world could I forget
I e'er had looked into his eyes,
For though I wander on alone,
With all my soul I love him yet.

Kathleen Gordon.

The bitterest word in the language is—alone.

Frank Crane.

There is ebb and flow in sea and heart,
  And our life ebbs out if Love depart;
For an empty heart what joys remain?
  Let my monarch come, though he go again.

Let Love arrive, though Love must go.
Let heart and ocean ebb and flow.

. . . . . .

For where Love has never been, I know
That life is only death below.

J. F. C.

The Parting Of The Way

I lingered at the parting of the way,
  But still—I bade him go
Alone on the diverging path
  Whose way I might not know.

And all along the roadside
  That seemed so drear and bare,
Rose legion friends to meet him
  With glad and willing air.

And I—I toiled along alone
  The path that looked so fair,
And found a way of weariness
  Beleaguered with despair.

I wonder if my hand had felt
  His hand's strong, guiding care,
Upon my lonely pathway
  Would I have found life fair?

The many snares for travelers set
  Along life's great highway,
Should I have 'scaped—I wonder—
  Had there been no parting of the way?

Anna Kirkpatrick-Fain.

"Fair woman is a woman still.
A being 'reft of half its pride
When torn from man's sustaining side,
A feeble vine, whose tendrils fade
If shorn of all support and shade,—
She knows no bliss alone, no mirth
Her joys are of a two-fold birth."

In China marriage is called "returning."

A Woman

The great Love that was not for her
  Passed on, nor paused to see
The wistful eyes, the hand's vague stir,
  The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of
  Crept closer bit by bit,
Until for very lack of love
  She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part
  The greater from the less;
She only strove to fill a heart
  That ached with emptiness.

Theodosia Garrison.

A mortal woman needs mortal love, and she will seek it in one form or another, if she is at liberty, as surely as a homing pigeon seeks her dovecot, or a perishing deer seeks the water.

F. Leslie.

The luckiest woman isn't the one who marries the best man, but the one who makes the most out of the man she marries.

Helen Rowland.

Love is the root of creation,—God's essence—
  Worlds without number
Lie in His bosom like children. He made them
  For this purpose only;
Only to love and be loved again;
  Quench, oh quench not flame. It is the breath of your being
Love is Life, but hatred is Death.

H. W. Longfellow.

You Have Forgotten

There's a hurt in the heart of the night,
  There's an ache where a song should be,
At the core of the dawn is blight—
  For you have forgotten me.

O the weight of the dragging morn
  When my sorrow lifts its head—
O the curse of a day still-born
  With my soul's wound running red!

O hours that are bitten through
  With the worm-wood of memory—
When my sore heart calls for you—
  Though yours has forgotten me!

Marian E. Gillespie.

O Love! why did'st thou come? My soul undone
  Wanders in darkest ways—my heart, a stone,
Mocks its own pain. Why did'st thou come to me
  Smiling, then turn and leave me all alone,
As fades the sail from wrecked souls on the sea?

H. Talbot Kummer.

Death whether it be the man's body or his love ends all for the woman who really loves him.

Robert W. Chambers.

Love at its highest point—love sublime, unique, invincible—leads us straight to the brink of the great abyss, for it speaks to us directly of the Infinite and of eternity. It is eminently religious; it may even become religion.

Ameil.

A Woman's Prayer

Dear God, there is a single prayer
  That I would pray to Thee;
It is not that I may not care
  Where he may go from me—
My heart would seek and know him there,
  Were he on land or sea.

It is not that I may forget
  The tears mine eyes have shed;
I seek no surcease of regret
  Till I at last am dead.
I crave not peace of Thee, nor yet
  That I be comforted.

This is my prayer, that giving so
  The gift imperative,
Bearing the bruises of the blow
  He struck while I shall live—
Spare me, oh God! that he should know
  That I can still forgive!

Ethel M. Kelley.

Once I saw the summer of Love in your eyes,
Therefore today my hands are no longer free
I am dumb as the silent skies.

A lover is so defenseless. I only pray
That Fate in the future deal gentlier, Beloved, with you
Than you ever have dealt with me.

L. Hope.

A small love forgives much; a great love forgives little; and a perfect love forgives all.

Ellen Thornecroft Fowler.

Repentbe

The fire has died and the coals are dull; the sands from the glass have run;
The sunshine fades in the tear-dimmed dusk; the day of our love is done.
Our hearts still ache in their emptiness and cry for the days now fled.
Our lips still quiver in tenderness for the dreams that are dear and dead.
We had our love in its sweet content, the hours, the days, the years;
We laughed at life in our joy of it, with laughter akin to tears.

We knew the clasp of a tender hand, the glance of the eyes that told
The things our lips could not hope to speak—a tale that was new yet old.
We lived our life in its fulsomeness, and what should the heart forget?
We loved and lost, and the fire has died; but why should the heart regret?
We dreamed our dreams in a paradise—and what if the night is gray?
We drank the cup of our perfect joy. Dear heart, we have lived our day!

Caroline Reynolds.

Tbe Gold Of Tbe Dream

Blame not yourself, dear; you are not untrue:
  You slept and loved a dream—you love it yet.
  I am enriched: let there be no regret:
While you loved love, and I loved only you,
I slept, but my heart waked, all joy! Earth grew
  Eden, and you, my Eve, unsullied, set
  Above the world, to worship. Oh, you let
Into my soul all beauty! Life is new.
You go, but leave your loveliness with me,—
  I could not lose it, even were I blind,—
    Secure from time, never to be estranged,
Inviolate, it mine shall always be!
  Nay! Let farewell be final: I have shrined
    Your image with my dead, to keep unchanged.

Stokely S. Fisher.

Love hath a balm for each sorrow
No matter how hard, dear, it be.

W. H. Gardner.

Blanche

God did not make her very wise,
  But carved a strangeness round her mouth;
He put great sorrow in her eyes,
  And softness for men's souls in drouth.
And on her face, for all to see,
The seal of awful tragedy.

God did not make her very fair,
  But white and lithe and strange and sweet;
A subtle fragrance in her hair,
  A slender swiftness in her feet,
And in her hands a slow caress—
God made these for my steadfastness.

God did not give to her a heart
  But there is that within her face
To make men long to muse apart
  Until they goodness find and grace,
And think to read and worship there
All good—yet she is scarcely fair.

A. Bernard Miall.

When all is said the woman of sense and sympathy and repose—in fine, the woman who understands—is she who keeps her lovers.

Octave Thanet.

To control a man a woman must first control herself.

Minna A. Thomas.

The most effective argument a charming woman can use to a man is an appealing "Don't you think so?"

L. de V. Matthewman.

A Forecast

What days await this woman, whose strange feet
Breathe spells, whose presence makes men dream like wine,
  Tall, free and slender as the forest pine;
Whose form is moulded music, through whose sweet
Frank eyes I feel the very heart's least beat,
  Keen, passionate, full of dreams and fire:
  How in the end, and to what man's desire
Shall all this yield, whose lips shall these lips meet?
One thing I know: if he be great and pure,
This love, this fire, this beauty shall endure;
  Triumph and hope shall lead him by the palm;
But if not this, some differing thing he be
That dream shall break in terror, he shall see
  The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm.

Archibald Hampman.

The Bitterest Cup

"Now drink," quoth Love, "my bitterest cup,
The cup of jealousy;
But first look in its ruby depths,
And speak. What dost thou see?"

She saw another woman's arms
About his throat; there
These sweeter, younger lingering lips
Pressed kisses on his hair.

The cup shook on her teeth; she drank,
And bowed her head, and cried:
Love ere I drank that nectar first
Would God that I died.

Ella Higginson.

"May it not at last await me in the garden
To which we bleed our way through all this waste?
One cup—some little chalice that will hold
One drop that will not shudder into mist
Till I have drained it."

Potpourri

Here is the sweetness of long faded summers
  Hid in this little jar of green and gold;
This, and some scar that in my soul discloses
  How much can leave how little; and how far
  Behind me are those golden days—how far!
And, Soul, how many summers, and what roses,
  It holds—one little jar!

H. G. Dwight.

Tints

Her heart was young and love came to it,
She looked through space, there was no night
But glint and glisten through and through it
  A dazzling white.

Her heart was ripe and love went from it,
She looked through space, he came not back
But sped away, a light paved comet
  Then all was black.

Her heart was old and work came to it
And filled the dole of night and day
But life was dead and through and through it
  All things were gray.

Belle Hunt Shortridge.

Cape Jasmines

White as the holiest thoughts of angels be!
  Fragrant as kisses from Love's sleeping mouth!
  Swift, at your touch, pale blossoms of the South,
Rises the wraith of long-dead Memory!

Then—tears! Yes, tears; for when I lift you so,
  And to my brow the snowy petals press,
  I dream—ah, God!—it is the old caress
Of soft, white, lingering fingers, long ago!

Tilton R. Greer.

The Pathway Of Pain

I have trodden the pathway of pain, where I hoped I might never go;
I have felt the pitiless winds that over its barrens blow;
I have drunk of the bitter brooks that along its borders flow.

I had seen the crowds press down that narrow and stony path,—
Some led by the Angel of Sorrow and some by the Angel of Wrath,—
But each with the faltering footstep that ever the wretched hath.

Their eyes were wild and tearful; their cheeks were sodden gray;
And as they stumbled onward, they moaned the livelong day;
And I said "O God, preserve me from walking that doleful way!"

When the Angel of Sorrow calmly bade me to follow him,
I shuddered and cried, "I cannot!"—and my very sight grew dim;
But I had to rise and follow, though I shook in every limb.

At last my eyes are opened. I see a golden light,
Which shows me far-off, starry worlds, before as black as night;
That dark and dismal pathway hath suddenly grown bright.

And I own a million brothers,—a million sisters dear,
And I love them all with a pity which brings the farthest near,—
A love which thrills my being,—as Heaven had entered here.

For I see that when you had trodden the thorny path of pain,
This selfish world is never the same chill place again,
Henceforth you love the sorrowing with ardent might and main.

And songs of consolation breathe sweet from pole to pole;
And the chest of the outer varnish like a shell off all doth roll;
And you stand with your fellow mourners, quivering soul to soul.

Then fear not, anxious mortal! When you tread the path of pain
God links you with your comrades there, in a new, resplendent chain;
And for every pang you suffer, He pays you back again.

Kate Upson Clark.

Ghosts Of Roses

I drift in memories—Oh! sweet old garden paths
That lead me on from dream to dream.
Lured by your fragrance I have lost my way
And walk with love in hours of yesterday,
Clasping the ghosts of roses that are dead.

I ask them, "Had I won ambition's prize,
Had life run softly, had my dreams come true,
And had I found the object of my quest
That whispered through the rose flush in my breast
Would it have brought me more of life than this—

To sit here in the twilight of the years
Without illusions broken or impaired,
Still thrilling to the magic of the spring,
Still trembling at the garden's whispering,
Clasping the ghosts of roses that are dead."

Kathleen L. Worrell.

I have always said it: Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

Lessing.

Woman is the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.

Hermes.

God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified
New Memmons singing in the great God-light.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Home

A little picture comes to me
  This chill November night:
I see a cozy cottage
  With a cheerful crimson light,
And through the filmy hangings
  Of the curtains, as I peep,
I see a baby lying
  In its tiny crib,—asleep.

Close by, a girlish mother
  Who, lest it wake and cry,
Must rock the sleeping babe, and sing
  Some tender lullaby,
And as she sings away, she tries
  So patiently to wait
For him who'll soon come striding
  Through the wicket gate.

I see a wee tea table
  Laid with loving, dainty care,
And hear the kettle humming
  On the cheerful hearthstone there;
Some slippers, too, are warming
  By the fireside, on the mat,
And stretched beside them cozily,
  A lazy Maltese cat.

Beyond,—the little parlor,
  The piano and guitar,
I almost catch the odor
  Of a fragrant, mild cigar.
Through far out in the dreary world
  Tonight I'm forced to roam,
I see this pleasing picture,
  And I fondly name it,—"Home."

Maurine Hathaway.

Some Day Of Days

Some day, some day of days, treading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face.
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or Winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill,
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with Summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care,
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

Nora Perry.

O waiting heart be true, be true,
Though your waiting seems but sorrow,
For somewhere your own mate waits for you,
And love is your golden morrow!

J. R. Moreland.

At The Last

Will I ever grow tired of living
  And long to go to my rest,
With a cool and fragrant lily
  Asleep on my silent breast?
Will my eyes grow weary of seeing,
  As the hours pass one by one,
Till I long for the hush and the darkness,
  As I never longed for the sun?

God knoweth! Sometime, it may be,
  I shall smile to hear you say:
"Dear heart, she will not waken
  At the dawn of another day!"
And sometime, love, it may be,
  I shall whisper under my breath:
"The happiest hour of my life, dear,
  Is this—the hour of my death."

Julia C. R. Dorr

O Boatman, Row Me Away

O Boatman, thou with the silent oar,
Row me away from this barren shore;
Oh haste, my love on the cold gray sea,
The rolling wave bears away from me;
O Boatman, row along his trail,
Where stars grow dim and the moon grows pale;
A holy hush hangs above the deep,
And cradling billows lull life to sleep.
O Boatman, haste, row me out to him,
Ere fades his bark o'er the ocean's rim;
Oh blow, ye winds, with the tempest-breath,
And speed our boat on the wings of Death,
To silent deeps on the great Gray Sea,
Where drifts my love to Eternity.
O Boatman, thou with the muffled oar,
Come row me out from this lonely shore.

Lillian Barker Beede.

The Empty Glass

My life was like an empty glass, dear heart,
That stood upon the shelf of time apart;
  You came and filled it with the wine of Love,
We pledged, we drank – then death bade you depart.

Ah, yes, the glass is drained, but O the thought
That once 'twas brimming with the wine you brought
  Will quench the thirst of all the desert years,
And bless the emptiness that Death has wrought.

Lillian Barker Beede.

Trust

The quiet river glideth to the sea;
  The silent planets, in the spacious sky,
Move on to their celestial destiny,
  Each in its orbit, faithful; and shall I
Fail to fulfil the purpose planned for me?
  I know, however dark the way may be,
It leads me on to some vast mystery,
  Some good supreme, for all Eternity.

Katrina Trask.

HW LYJJ Z

·A·LITTLE·
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